Nor ſhall proud *Lancaſter* vſurpe my right,
Nor hold the ſcepter in his childiſh fiſt,
Nor vveare the Diademe vpon his head,
Whoſe church-like humours fits not for a Crovvne:
Then *Yorke* be ſtill a vvhile till time do ſerue,
Watch thou,and vvake vvhen others be a ſleepe,
To prie into the ſecrets of the ſtate,
Till *Henry* ſurfeiting in ioyes of loue,
With his nevv bride,and Englands dear bought queene,
And *Humphrey* vvith the Peeres be falne at iarres,
Then vvill I raiſe aloft the milke-vvhite Roſe,
With vvhoſe ſvveete ſmell the aire ſhall be perfumde,
And in my Standard beare the Armes of *Yorke*,
To graffle vvith the Houſe of *Lancaſter*:
And force perforce,ile make him yeeld the Crovvne,
Whoſe bookiſh rule hath puld faire England dovvne.

Exet Yorke.

Enter Duke *Humphrey*,and Dame *Ellanor*,
Cobham his vvife.

Elnor. Why droopes my Lord like ouer ripened corne,
Hanging the head at *Ceares* plentious loade,
What ſeeſt thou Duke *Humphrey* King *Henries* Crovvne?
Reach at it,and if thine arme be too ſhort,
Mine ſhall lengthen it. Art not thou a Prince,
Vnckle to the King,and his Protector?
Then vvhat ſhouldſt thou lacke that might content thy minde.
Humph. My louely *Nell*, far be it from my heart,
To thinke of Treaſons gainſt my ſoueraigne Lord,
But I vvas troubled vvith a dreame to night,
And God I pray,it do betide no ill.
Elnor. What drempt my Lord. Good *Humphrey* tell it me,
And ile interpret it,and vvhen thats done,
Ile tell thee then, vvhat I did dreame to night.
Humphrey. This night vvhen I vvas laid in bed, I dreampt that this

This my ſtaffe mine Office badge in Court,
Was broke in two,and on the ends were plac'd,
The heads of the Cardinall of *VVincheſter*,
And *VVilliam de la Poule* firſt Duke of *Suffolke*.
Elnor. Tuſh my Lord,this ſignifies nought but this,
That he that breakes a ſticke of *Gloſters* groue,
Shall for th'offence,make forfeit of his head.
But now my Lord, Ile tell you what I dreampt,
Me thought I was in the Cathedrall Church
At Weſtminſter,and ſeated in the chaire
Where Kings and Queenes are crownde,and at my feete
Henry and *Margaret* with a Crowne of gold
Stood readie to ſet it on my Princely head.
Humphrey. Fie *Nell*. Ambitious woman as thou art,
Art thou not ſecond woman in this land,
And the Protectors wife belou'd of him,
And wilt thou ſtill be hammering treaſon thus,
Away I ſay,and let me heare no more.
Elnor. How now my Lord. What angry with your *Nell*,
For telling but her dreame. The next I haue
Ile keepe to my ſelfe,and not be rated thus.
Humphrey. Nay *Nell*, Ile giue no credit to a dreame,
But I would haue thee to thinke on no ſuch things.

Enters a Meſſenger.

Meſſenger. And it pleaſe your grace,the King and Queene to morrow morning will ride a hawking to Saint Albones, and craues your company along with them.
Humphrey. With all my heart,I will attend his grace:
Come *Nell*, thou wilt go with vs vs I am ſure.

Exet Humphrey.

Elnor. Ile come after you,for I cannot go before,
But ere it be long,Ile go before them all,
Deſpight of all that ſeeke to croſſe me thus,
Who is within there?